

The Business Man in Literature

BY SAMUEL EBERLY GROSS,
Capitalist and Author of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville,"
It is from this book that the United States Courts have decided Cynano
de Borgese was plagiarized by Huxford.



Apparently the world is astonished when ever it finds a man scoring a success in Literature who has made a success in Business. This seems to me an unjust and absurd assumption. It has been so proved, in a multitude of instances which afford practical and incontrovertible demonstration that Imagination and the money-getting faculty are often highly developed in the same personality.

Search the shelves of the libraries of modern literature and you will find scores of examples of good and fine writing, illuminated by a distinct and admirable quality of imagination, which are the work of men of large and exacting material affairs. All this misapprehension comes from the foolish and unwarranted assumption that the IDEAL and the PRACTICAL are necessarily in CONFLICT. There is a specious and superficial Ideality which is always at odds with the Practical; and here is where this false sentiment, this popular error, gets its foothold. THE TRULY IDEAL AND THE TRULY PRACTICAL ARE ALWAYS AT ONE. There is no conflict between these. If this were not so the Sermon on the Mount and the brightest gems of Shakespeare's wisdom would be mere sentiment. But they are not; they are intensely practical. What is there in the faculties which make for large business success to disqualify or unfit their possessor to succeed in literature? Nothing! Keen observation, the capacity to read human character, the ability to unravel motives and grasp methods of action, the ability logically to forecast the results of given conditions and movements—these are the demands which are constantly made upon the man who triumphs in the business world. And they are the very fundamentals of literary success as well. The day has long since past when it is safe to presume that the man who has made an independent fortune is a stranger to Literature, to the delights of poetic fancy and the fine flights of imagination. In fact, only the man who has a certain degree of imagination is fitted for great achievements in the world of Practical Affairs.

BECAUSE A MAN HAPPENS TO BE ENGAGED IN THE BUILDING OF TOWNS, OF RAILROADS OR OF EMPIRES IS NO SIGN THAT HE CANNOT BUILD BOOKS. Rather is it an indication that he has the force and virility TO THINK. And this is what is required in the making of Literature.

Samuel Eberly Gross

The Crime of a Century

BY W. D. ROSS
Editor London Black and White



THE crime of the century," as a brave diplomatist called it, is proceeding apace in Finland, and the Czar of Peace is crushing a gallant people under the force of the sword. The world is full of mystery and contradiction, and truth lies, indeed, at the bottom of a well. The friendship of the nations, the inevitable condition of a world at peace, is still a poet's dream, and one begins to wonder if, after all, the world was treated to a huge joke when Nicholas II. summoned the nations to lay down their arms at The Hague. For the same Nicholas II., who called Europe to stop before the cataclysm burst upon the peoples, is at this moment insulting a free country with a new despotism of that kind which, in the words of his own Peace Rescript, paralyzes and checks national culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth.

The tyranny fell like a thunderbolt on the loyal Finns. The ink of the Peace Rescript was hardly dry before the Emperor sent off his War Rescript to Finland. While the Czar's conference sat at The Hague, there arrived in Finland, in an irregular way, a manifesto from the Grand Duke who sits on Finland's throne—the Czar himself. The army, according to this document—which, though openly violating the Constitution, was declared to have the force and sanctity of law—was to be increased from 5,600 to 36,000, with an addition to the reserves which would bring the military force of Finland up to 100,000 men. Every man was to enter the army, to serve five years, to be liable in time of peace to be called to any part of the great Russian empire. The control of the army was to be taken from the Finns and handed over to Russian officers. The Finnish army, in short, was to be denationalized, and conscription was to be imposed on Finland in its worst form—a change utterly uncalled for, and in flagrant violation of the oaths of three generations of emperors, and of Czar Nicholas himself, who had sworn to uphold the Constitution of Finland, which gives the Finns joint control with the Emperor of the affairs of the nation.

Finland is not alone in her resistance to the Czar. LOVERS OF FREEDOM EVERYWHERE ARE ON HER SIDE. But the despotism of Russia is a fearful and wonderful thing. A deputation which went to see the Czar, with a petition from a thousand of the leading men of Europe, the most eminent men in science, art and literature, came home again without seeing him. It is not a pleasant subject for the friends of Russia to reflect upon, and it is not easy to defend the Czar in face of it. It is pretty much the same as if England swept away the Government of Canada and ruled the Dominion with a rod of iron from London. If Finland is compelled to bend beneath the Russian yoke, there will be one less among the free nations of the earth. The Finns will be as the Russian peasants. The cloud has been hanging over the country for ten years past, and at last the storm has broken. Eight thousand Finns have left their country rather than wear this yoke about their necks, and soon, unless the Czar proves his love of peace by deeds as well as words, Finland may be "to let." But the shutters will go up with a bang, AND EVEN A CZAR WILL LEARN THAT HE CANNOT HIDE A CRIME.

TO REVITALIZE AIR.

Experiments Made to Accomplish It by Artificial Means.

Dr. Desgrez, professor of the faculty of medicine, Paris, and M. Baltazard, house surgeon of one of the hospitals there, have just presented to the Academy of science an apparatus embodying a remarkable and important discovery, says the London News. It is claimed that by means of it it will be possible to maintain life in the most poisonous atmosphere, to enter rooms full of dense smoke or pits full of noxious gases, without hurt or discomfort. Some particulars of this discovery are given by Dr. Desgrez himself in an interview published in the Eclair. He says:

"The reagent needed to regenerate the air vitiated by the confinement of an animal in an inclosed space had to be of such a kind that it would not only liberate the necessary oxygen and absorb the carbonic acid, but would also destroy the poisonous substances called by MM. Brown-Sequard and d'Arsonval 'pulmonary poison.' Now bixide of sodium decomposes in cold by the action of water, producing oxygen on the one hand and on the other soda, a powerful alkali. This latter takes up the carbonic acid as soon as it is formed, and, moreover, as in the process of decomposition, the chemical employed is possessed of powerful oxidizing properties, the poisonous products of respiration are also destroyed.

"In the experiments undertaken the subjects were in the first place guinea pigs and dogs, though later the two investigators experimented on each other. The animals were each confined under a hermetically sealed bell, near them being placed a quantity of bixide of sodium, so arranged that water might be dropped upon it slowly and constantly. In all cases it was found that by employing the bixide life could be maintained under conditions which otherwise it would have been impossible. The apparatus consisted of a kind of suit, suggesting a diver's dress, in which the principle thus demonstrated is embodied. Dr. Desgrez says that 120 grams of bixide of sodium suffice to regenerate the atmosphere breathed in the space of an hour. It is hoped that the discovery will be of great service in mining disasters, fires, etc.

THE GLOVE-FITTING CLERK.

Why He Has Forearms Like Those of a Blacksmith.

A Johnnie was sitting before the counter of a Montgomery haberdasher's the other day. His elbow was at an extreme angle on a velvet cushion, and the clerk behind the counter was straining and tugging at the fingers of a light gray glove, which he was forcing on to the Johnnie's upturned hand. "That must take a good deal of muscle," remarked the chappy, noting the exercise which the clerk was undergoing.

"Muscle!" ejaculated the clerk. "Just feel my forearm. Do you know how many pairs of gloves I have fitted on this week?"

"Fifty," said the Johnny, on a hazard.

"Fifty!" said the clerk, scornfully. "Three hundred and twelve. That's dead straight and an actual count. No wonder I have a forearm like a coal heaver and a back like an oarsman. The fitting on of gloves is one of the best exercises in the world. You see you have to lean far forward over the counter, and the steady downward pressure of the fingers is a better exercise than any gymnasium course you ever saw. It would surprise you to know what athletic creatures the glove girls in the shops all over town are. It's a case of the survival of the fittest and the girl who can't stand the pressure gets a job at the ribbon counter."

"It's a wonder that more clerks don't take up prize-fighting," said the Johnnie.

"That wouldn't be genteel," said the clerk. "But if you think every clerk is an effete and delicate Lizzie, just because he tries on your gloves, you had better feel his muscle and take another think."—San Francisco News Letter.

The Palm as a Passport.

The lines of no two human hands are exactly alike. When a traveler in China desires a passport, the palm of the hand is covered with fine oil-paint and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

Crowded London.

There are in London 850,000 people, in families of five, occupying one room.

Mall by the Ton.

About 40 tons of letters pass daily through the general post office, London.

JOKE WAS TOO REALISTIC.

Comedian Himself Fooled When He Thought to Fool the Audience.

The properties that are used on the burlesque stage are not always counterfeit, although there is a popular idea that stage whisky is generally cold tea, that stage butter is a thick mixture of yellow corn meal and water and that stage milk is never anything but chalk and water. The people in the front row of a local theater recently had it demonstrated to them that the milk used in a bottle had once been the real thing, and they had reason to regret that the property man had not followed the usual rule of manufacturing the article out of chalk and water.

The comedian had been in the habit of doing an effective bit of acting with a large rag baby dressed up to resemble a real child, and a baby's nursing bottle filled with a substance resembling milk. No one in the audience thought it was milk and neither did the comedian himself. He had been handling the bottle for weeks and had not noticed that the cork was getting loose. Several nights ago it occurred to the comedian that he could make his part funnier by letting the cork out of the bottle and allowing some of the "milk" to escape as he went through his usual motions in extracting laughter from the crowd.

The comedian was much more successful than he had any idea he would be, for when the cork came out of the bottle a considerable amount of its contents came also, in chunks, and with an odor which was stronger even than that of limburger cheese. The comedian dodged back from the stage as quickly as possible, his hand to his nose, and the chorus girls carefully avoided the spot on the stage where the milk had fallen. As soon as the comedian had finished his part he made a bee line for the property man in the wings, who was responsible for the contents of the bottle.

"Why didn't you tell me that you had real milk in that bottle?" demanded the comedian, indignantly.

"Because, I never thought you'd be fool enough to let the cork out," said the property man with equal heat. "I filled that bottle with milk when we were at Buffalo, eight weeks ago, and it would have done well enough if you'd only had sense enough to keep the cork in. Of course, you can't expect milk to keep sweet bottled up for eight weeks, and nobody but a thick-headed Irish comedian would expect it. I've got to go and buy another pint of milk now to fill up that bottle with, and this show ain't making any too much money anyway. Its idiots like you who spoil the properties in shows and break them up in business."

The answer of the property man for the time being completely squelched the unfortunate comedian, and he inwardly resolved to investigate all properties before he attempted to introduce any originality into the act he had been performing for 17 years.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A PLEASANT CHANGE.

Fewer Sparrows and More Song Birds Noticed in Capital City.

"As the sparrows grow less in numbers in this city the song birds increase," observed one of the men who have spent years in looking after the parks of the city, according to the Washington Star. "I suppose you have noticed at least the advent of the songsters if you have not had called to mind that the noisy sparrow is not so much in evidence in the streets and parks of the city as was formerly the case? The one is the cause and the other the effect, for I believe that it has been pretty well established that when the sparrows are numerous birds of the smaller species are noticeable for their absence.

"The change is certainly a pleasant one, I should think, in place of the strident chatter of the sparrow to hear the sweet notes of the robins and other song birds. The other day I noticed a black bird hopping over the grass of the parks in search of worms, and there are other varieties of birds which can be seen, and to some extent studied without going outside of the city limits.

"At this time of the year the worms are plentiful in the parks, and that is one reason why they prove to be such attractive resorts for the birds. The other evening as I passed through one of the smaller parks I noticed two or three men with lanterns going over the grass and picking up the worms that had come out under the cover of darkness. They each had a large pail full of worms in readiness for the fishing trip the next day."

Gossips.

Gossips are people who go around stabbing reputations in the back.—Chicago Daily News.

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